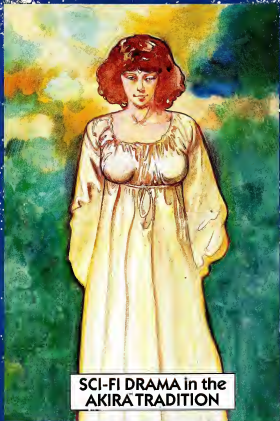





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KATSUHIRO OTOMO'S

MEMORIES



SCI-FI DRAMA in the
AKIRA TRADITION



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*My place is here, tens of millions of
miles from the star I once
reached for.*

*It is a vast, floating emptiness, tens of
millions of cubic miles in
volume.*

*Spread out beneath me lies that for
which I longed, dark and silent.*

*Oh, darkness and silence, mend what
is broken; slowly and inexorably,
heal my pain...*



REPEAT
PLEASE...
DID YOU SAY
"GREEN
3005"?

THAT'S
RIGHT.
3-0-0-5.



BUT
THAT'S...

DISPOSER
05-2

RIGHT. THAT ZONE'S
CALLED THE SARGASSO A
GRAVEYARD OF SPACE
JUNK.

DOESN'T SOUND
LIKE THIS JOB'S GONNA
BE MUCH FUN.

05-2



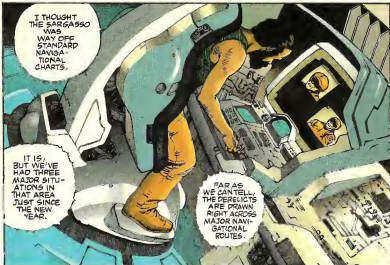
THE AREA'S
DANGEROUS.
DERELICTS
CONSTANTLY
DRIET
THAT
WAY.

DISPOSER
05-8

05-2

IT
MUST
HAVE
BEEN
ONE HELL
OF A
MAG-
NETIC
FIELD.





I THOUGHT
THE SARGASSO
WAS
WAY OFF
STANDARD
NAVIGA-
TIONAL
CHARTS.

IT IS,
BUT WE'VE
HAD THREE
MAJOR SITU-
ATIONS IN
THAT AREA
JUST SINCE
THE NEW
YEAR.

AS FAR
AS WE CAN
TELL, THE
DERELICTS
ARE DRAWN
RIGHT ACROSS
MAJOR NAVI-
GATIONAL
ROUTES.



IF
THE PROBLEMS
TOO BIG
THIS SHIP MAY NOT
BE EQUIPPED TO
HANDLE IT.



IF YOU
COULD JUST
CLEAR OUT THE
ONBS THAT
PRESENT THE
MOST IM-
MEDIATE
DANGER.



I
WANT A
GUARANTEE
WE'LL BE
PAID,
WHATEVER
HAPPENS.



I
UNDERSTAND.
AND THERE'S
ONE
MORE
THING...



WAIT A SEC.
THIS JOB
GETS ADDED
TO OUR
USUAL
FEE.

*Today...
I cut power to the navigation systems...
and instructed SAM--the shipboard
computer--to link up the radio to
my personal audio...
Now... I'll record today's entry in the
ship's log...*



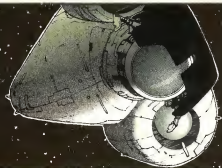
*What I love best...
are my poetry and music...
(though it was difficult
to find the recordings)...
And the scent of roses...*



*Artwork... dolls in lovely
dresses...
Reflections and fragrances...
A world of my making...
A world of my own...*

From here to eternity.

...THAT'S
HOW IT
IS.



PAY'S BEEN
PRETTY AWFUL
LATELY, AN'
WE GET
OFFERED A
JOB BY ONE OF
THE BIG PUB-
LIC CORPORA-
TIONS.



I
SAY
WE'VE
GOTTA
TAKE AD-
VANTAGE
OF THIS.

YEAH, BUT..
GREEN
3005?



ISN'T
THE
MAGNETIC
FIELD
THERE
REALLY
BAD?



OUR
COMPUTERS
AREN'T
SHIELDED
AGAINST
MAGNET-
ISM.

YEAH!



IT
WOULD
ONLY
BE FOR
SEVEN OR
EIGHT
HOURS. WE
CAN COVER
UP THE COM-
PUTER.

THAT'D
WORK.



THEN
LET'S DO
IT!







PROCEED
WITH CAUTION.
CONTACT COULD
KILL US.

CHECK
THE MAGNETIC
FIELD.

OK!

STAND BY
THE ANALYSIS GUN.
IF WE HAVE TO, WE'LL
BLAST IT.



SHARP
MAGNETIC
INCREASE.
NOW
WHAT?

STAND
BY!



WE HAVE
TO LEARN WHERE
THAT MUSIC'S
COMING FROM.
IF IT'S
A DAMAGED
SHIP, WE'VE
GOT TO PERFORM
A RESCUE.



BUT... IT'S REALLY
DANGEROUS OUT
THERE.



WHY DON'T
WE
JUST
CALL FOR
A RESCUE
SHIP? BEING
HEROES
DOESN'T
PAY.



DON'T BE A
JERK.
FAILURE TO
ANSWER TO
AN SOS
IS A
VIOLATION
OF
OUR
CHARTER.



WHOEVER'S
OUT THERE
MUST BE
PRETTY
CHIC,
USING
GLEN MILLER
AS A
DISTRESS
CALL.



GET A FIX ON
THE SOURCE
OF THAT
SIGNAL?

WE'RE
NEARING THE
PERIMETER.

SWITCH
OVER TO THE
BACKUP
COMPUTER.



I'VE
GOT THE
COORDINATES,
BUT IT'S
STILL A LONG
WAY OFF.
LET'S PUNCH
UP THE
VISUAL.



THERE,
THAT
MASS
IN
THE
CENTER.

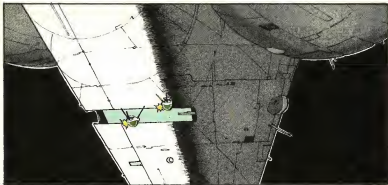
CAN
YOU
ENLARGE
THE
IMAGE
?

I'M
WORK-
ING ON
THAT
NOW.



A ROSE...?





IT'S REVOLVING
ON ITS AXIS,
GENERATING
GRAVITY FROM
CENTRIFUGAL
FORCE.

THERE MUST BE
SURVIVORS LIVING
THERE, RIGHT?

THEN HOW
COME NO ONE'S
ACKNOWLEDGED OUR
SIGNALS?



WHO
COULD HAVE MADE
THIS?



HEAD
FOR
THE
CEN-
TER.

LOOK!
IT'S
A
DERE-
LICT
SHIP!



IT'S
A CONSLAM-
ERATION OF
DERELICTS!
MADE UP
ENTIRELY
OF
HULKS,

I DON'T
GET IT!



OVER THERE
TO THE RIGHT,
LOOKS LIKE THE
MAIN ENTRANCE!



*There are no days or nights...
Time passes out of time,
without weeks, months
or years...
I wonder how long it has been...*



LOOKS
LIKE
A
DEAD
END



WHAT
ABOUT
THE
PASSAGEWAY
TO
THE
SIDE?

YOU
KNOW
HOW
I'D
VOTE.

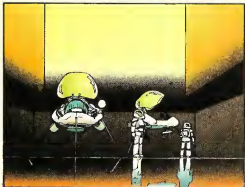


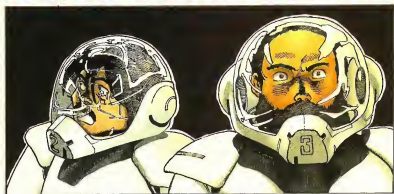
LOOK!



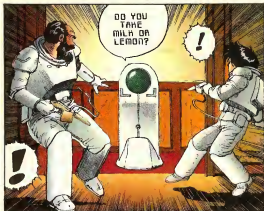
HOW
NICE!
THEY'RE
INVITING
US
IN!

WELCOME









Today...the rose I was growing died...
Though I nurtured it with care...
The flower of my memories
of him.



HEY!



CAN
YOU GUYS HEAR
ME? COME ON, THIS
ISN'T FUNNY ANY
MORE.

WOW!

ONE
HELL
OF
A
LI-
BRARY.

YOU COULDN'T READ
ALL THESE BOOKS IN
A HUNDRED LIFE-
TIMES.

WHOA.

LOOK. NO
PAGES.
YOU
CAN'T
EVEN
OPEN
IT.

JUST
BOOK-SHAPED
FORMS
WITH
TITLES ON
THEIR
SPINES.

THE
ONES OVER
HERE DON'T
EVEN HAVE
TITLES.
THEY'RE
BLANK.

THESE
ARE PART
OF THE
SHELVES...
AND
THEN
JUST
SHELVES
ALONE.



AN' THIS
MUST BE
MADAM'S
BATHTUB.
HUNK?



Gurgle
Glug



!

TEA
YOU CAN'T
DRINK, BOOKS
YOU CAN'T
READ, AND
THIS!
WHAT'S
IT ALL
MEAN?



THAT
NO ONE LIVES
HERE.



THEN...
WHERE'D IT
ALL COME
FROM?

BEATS
ME.



HUH...?

?



MADAM
IS SLEEPING
AND CAN'T
BE DIS-
TURBED.



WUEN

*I couldn't do it... Not alone...
I can't go on... and I can't
stop myself...
From remembering...*







WE'VE GOT
TO GET OUT
OF HERE
NOW.

I KNOW...

THE
BOOK
TELL
YOU
ANY-
THING
?

NOT
MUCH.

IT'S A
PRETTY
SAPPY STORY.
SOMEONE
BROKE HER
HEART AN'
SHE STOPPED
TRUSTING
PEOPLE. FLED
INTO SPACE.

SPENT ALL THE
MONEY SHE HAD
CREATING HER OWN
LITTLE WORLD HERE,
FULL OF MUSIC,
BOOKS, AN'
BEAUTIFUL
THINGS.

SPACE
HERMIT,
HUH?
THAT'S
KIND OF
CREEPY.

MADAM
IS SLEEPING
AND CAN'T
BE DIS-
TURBED.

!

ZZAP

HAUGH!E





TALK
TO ME,
YOU
GUYS!
WHAT'S
GOING
ON?!



ENERGY LEVELS
HAVE GONE OFF
THE GAUGES!



THERE'S A
MAGNETIC STORM
BEYOND
ANYTHING
I'VE EVER
HEARD
OF!



HER
WATCH-
DOGS
HAVE
TURNED
INTO
ATTACK
DOGS!



IT
MUST
BE THE
MAGNETISM!
IT'S DRIVING
THEM
OUT OF
CONTROL!



GET BACK TO
THE SHIP!
TELL HIM TO
FIRE UP THE
ANALYSIS
CANNON,
FAST!



THE
ROSE!
REMEMBER?
THEY'RE
MAKING
A
ROSE!



SAY
WHAT
?!

REMEMBER
THE
TEA?
AND THE
BOOKSHELVES?
THE
ROBOTS
MADE
THEM!

THE...
GUARD
DOGS?
BUT,
WHY?

ALL THOSE
DERELICTS
DIDN'T JUST
DRIFT THIS
WAY! THEY
WERE
PULLED
HERE!

...TO MAKE
A ROSE...?

FOR THEIR
MISTRESS.

THEY'RE
RE-
CREATING
HER
MEMO-
RIES...

...IN
THE
HEART
OF A
MAGNETIC
STORM!



*Amid the dark and lonely silence
of the void...
I know at last what I came
here for...*

*To decorate a coffin with roses...
In memory of you.*



END.

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savage,
bloodthirsty
barbarian
ever, is on the
rampage. . .
well, actually,
it's your ol'
pal GROO.
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their god must die.

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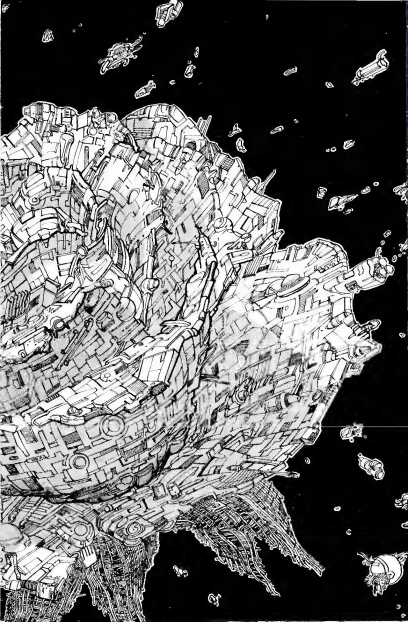
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A NEW KIND OF ASSASSIN—
HE'LL TEAR YOU
LIMB FROM LIMB.**

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